

H. G. Strait

# NORMAL SPOTLIGHT

**Mansfield, Pa.  
June, 1917**

**Commencement Number**



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**LEWISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA**

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## COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

# Normal Spotlight

Volume 2

JUNE

No. 10

### President's Address

*By Reese Matteson*

It is the pleasure of the Class of 1917 to extend to all present a most hearty and cordial welcome.

The twentieth century has dawned upon us and we little realize how swiftly its childhood days are flying by. The classes that have been graduated during these few years have looked at the future before them as in a world at peace and enjoying great prosperity, each one thinking of how he could get along best in life and so secure success.

But the Class of 'Seventeen looks upon a world at war. Into this great strife in Europe has plunged one of the mightiest of nations—our United States putting all her wealth, power and resources on the side of the Allies. This means that instead of each one of us planning for our own welfare, we must give our service to the greatest of causes—To Help Our Country Make This World "Safe for Democracy."

Such a condition has to be met by us today. How are we going about it? Are we going to worry and do nothing to help at such a time or shall we keep a cool head on our shoulders and give the best in us to Our Country?

We did not want war. Now it being forced upon us we must face it like men and women. The ones at home must be brave as well as those on the field of action,—for those who help to keep up the spirits and cheerfulness of the community in which they mingle are doing their share as well as the men at the front.

It is also fitting that as far as possible you give both your moral and financial support to the Red Cross Society. Your brothers and friends on the battlefields of Europe will be the ones to benefit by your contributions and if you favor the continuance of one of America's greatest institutions, then help the Red Cross.

We have seen the murder, hunger and ruin that has desolated Belgium and France. There is not a true American who wants such a strain upon human society. Then, having entered into the war, we must do our part; we must all be brothers for a common cause. We do not all necessarily have to join the army and navy. What the country now needs most is food to feed those at the front. It is in the power of each one of us to help provide this and it is a duty to our brothers in arms.

This is what our President has said: "It is evident to every thinking man that our industry on the farms, in the shipyards, in the mines, in the factories, must be made more prolific and more efficient than ever and that they must be more economically managed and better adapted to the particular requirements of our task than they have been; and what I want to say is that the men and women who devote their thought and their energy to these things will be serving the country and conducting the fight for peace and freedom just as truly as the men on the battlefields or in the trenches.

"This is the time for America to correct her unpardonable fault of wastefulness and extravagance. Let every man and every woman assume the duty of careful provident use and expenditures as a public duty, as a dictate of patriotism in which no one can now expect even to be excused or forgiven for ignoring."

And now friends and fellow-classmates, at such a crisis we can all see what we should do as we embark upon the tide of life's work; each one can see his path beckoning to him. So let us all with loyal hearts follow this path wherever duty calls.



## CLASS HISTORY

The purpose of this history is to warn coming Seniors of the errors of the past, to teach them established truths, to show them difficulties surmounted and to encourage them to nobler deeds by examples of heroism and consecration in the Class of 1917.

When the class gaily packed its trunk and started out the first time for Mansfield, we all fondly imagined that there would be a railroad all the way. When we came back this year, we knew that a balky, mulish train, that shied at every building and went forward only in those rare intervals when it was not going backward, would carry us, weary in body and depressed in soul, from Elmira to Mansfield.

The Class of 1917 is a warning to all future generations not to show their school spirit too strongly until the faculty has first been consulted as to the proper time and place and manner.

One eventful May day in the Spring Term of 1916 our track team was coming back from the State University, crowned with laurels. The band went to the station to meet them, followed by a cheering mob of girls. For leaving the campus at the disgraceful hour of 6:30 in the evening without permission and unchaperoned, these girls were Social Privileged. This ought to have been sufficient warning, but Penn State was again to be an agent in our glory and disgrace. On Saturday in May, 1917, when the boys of the Red and Black won the baseball game from State Freshmen, there followed a night of riotous rejoicing and celebration on the part of the boys, who were promptly Social Prilileged, or Campused. We have suffered these terrible punishments meekly as an example to future generations in Mansfield, but let us whisper a secret before we leave, "The celebration was well worth the price we paid."

We have proved beyond all shadow of doubt the following facts:

That young ladies cannot take auto rides to Blossburg in the evening without running considerable risk.

That the White House is not a good place to hold a dance.

That it is not necessary to grasp your jewel box and run every time a girl from the Fourth floor hospital calls, "Fire!"

That the girls of the Senior Class have no right to hold a meeting without the knowledge and consent of the boys of the class, even to discuss matters of personal attire. The girls of this class called a meeting by themselves to decide what sort of dresses they would wear on Commencement and Class Day. When the lords of creation heard that they had voted against caps and gowns, they said: "In these days of woman's rights we are compelled to submit to many things, but we WILL NOT allow them to choose our clothes." A general meeting was called, the matter was discussed with great excitement, another vote was taken, and one more proof was added to the already well established fact that WOMAN WILL HAVE HER WAY.

It is well for every class to be forewarned of the difficulties and dangers that will confront them as Seniors. There are terrible monsters lying in wait for every unsuspecting Junior and they will catch him if he doesn't watch out.

The first of these monsters is Physics Laboratory,

commonly called Physics Lab. This year it has been guarded by a fierce, tall giant, who has cruelly cut out the heart of many a Senior to feed this terrible beast.

There is another beast, beautiful to look upon and guarded by a radiant queen, but if a Senior is not careful he will be caught in the waves of angular perspective and crushed between the teeth of color harmony and Drawing Note Books.

A terrifying ogre guards the worst of all the monsters, Senior Arithmetic. This terrible beast sleeps upon a bed of Partial Payments, eats Stocks and Bonds and Discount, drinks Insurance and Taxes, all of which must be furnished by members of the Senior Class four times daily in the form of perfectly calculated examples. Any Senior who fails to furnish his quota, the ogre will put to death by the cruel tortures of Make Up Exams.

Best tamed of all the monsters is Senior Grammar, which requires only that the class should worship daily, by repeating the mystic formula: "If you can keep your head when Mr. Vedder is trying to reduce it for Class Pictures." The class will little note, nor long remember the rules of case and conjugations that the Grammar beast has taught us, but 4 score and 7 years will not obliterate from our memory the part we had in the Chapel exercises of May 30, 1917.

Our leader in the fray has been the gallant "Matty," noted for his athletic prowess and his great love for Marjorie. Silvery-voiced Donald Rockwell, better known as "Stick," has been his first lieutenant. Our Scribe is Mary Anderson, strong exponent of woman's rights and our well-beloved Helen Redcay is keeper of the money bag.

We have fought a good fight; we have finished the course; henceforth there is laid up for us a Normal Certificate, which Dr. Straughn will hand to us tomorrow.

—Ruth I. Foster.

### Colorado Poetry.

"The evening for her bath of dew is partially undressed;  
The sun behind a bobtail flush is setting in the west;  
The planets light the heavens with the flash of their cigars;  
The sky has put its night-shirt on, and buttoned it with stars."

### All Gone.

He—You used to say there was something about me you liked.  
She—So I did. But you've spent it all—Minnehaha.

### True to Principle.

He—You say you are a pacifist? What would you do if a great brute seized you unawares and kissed you?  
She—I should turn the other cheek.—Lampoon.

### Fifty-Fifty.

Co-op. Clerk—This book will do half your work.  
Student—Gimme two—quick.—Widow.

### Broad-Minded.

"There's always more than one way of looking at a thing," remarked the small boy as he climbed over the fence of the ball park.—Widow.



# Class Will

By Miss Loomis



MISS EVANGELINE LOOMIS

## Class Will

It was Miss Loomis' pleasant duty to assign to the under-graduates the many enjoyable privileges and other things the Seniors possessed for so long a time. The way in which she disposed of the various articles won her much worthy comment.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Board of Education, Superintendents, Teachers and Friends:

Upon behalf of my client, the Class of 1917, of Mansfield State Normal, of the Borough of Mansfield, State of Pennsylvania, United States of America, I have called you together upon this solemn and serious occasion to listen to the last will and testament of the Class of 1917, and to receive from her dying hand in her last moments the few gifts she has to bestow. These are her decisions as at last definitely arrived at thru very deliberate consideration. She has tried to be just, as well as generous and impartial, and distribute wisely unto those who will make the best use of such gifts as she has in her power to bestow, therefore, she hereby gives them into your possession, praying that you will accept them as a sacred trust from one who has gone before.

Listen, then, one and all, while I read the document, as duly drawn up and sworn to:

We, the Class of 1917, of Mansfield Borough, in the County of Tioga, State of Pennsylvania, United

States of America, made up of 200 individuals being about to pass out of this sphere of education, in full possession of a crammed mind, well trained memory, and almost superhuman understanding, do make and publish this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills or promises by us at any time heretofore made, or mayhap carelessly spoken, one to the other, as the thoughtless wish of an idle hour.

As to such estate as it has pleased the Fates and our own strong hands and brains to win for us, we do dispose of the same as follows:

### ITEM I.

We give and bequeath to our beloved faculty, who have been our instructors in all the wisdom of the ages, a sweet and unbroken succession of restful nights and peaceful dreams and also all the amazing knowledge and startling information that we have furnished them from time to time in our various examination papers. We know that much which we have imparted to them in this way must have been entirely new to them, as well as to all teachers and students everywhere, and would throw much new light on many a hitherto line of thought. If the faculty see fit they are hereby authorized to give out such of this information to the world as they may feel the world is ready to receive. This, of course, is left entirely to their personal discretion.

### ITEM II.

We bequeath to the Senior Class of 1918 our seats in class room and chapel. May they endeavor to fill them as advantageously, as promptly and as faithfully as we have done.

### ITEM III.

To Helen Price, Catherine Harkins leaves her "giggle," so that Helen will be cheered when "Buddy" is gone.

Margaret Evans wills three inches of her height to Johnny Evans.

Howard Deily wills his alarm clock to Tommy Caulfield, and hopes that it will prove an aid to him in the coming year.

Walter Bowser wills his popularity in the Model school to James O'Brien.

To Gordon Granger, Gordon Bailey wills his stand-in on Fifth floor of North Hall.

Leona Kerschner wills her ability for handling faculty to Esther Gere.

Warren Buggs wills his gift of gab to Theodore Smith.

To Carl Merritt, Carl Roos wills his commanding personality and ability to argue.

Helen Scanlon wills her best dancing pumps to Kathleen Hayes, that she may be assured of a firm foundation.

Majorie and "Matty" will their use of the reception room to Ray Horan and Laura Wells and if not used



by them, to Henry Geiss and Marguerite Taylor.

Dimmick wills his dignified demeanor and winning personality to Schott.

Irene Aubrey and Eldridge Shoup will the tennis courts in the early morning hours to Laurretta Hughes and Clifford Balch.

Althea, or "Tim," Coates wills her midnight oil, which she has used so faithfully in digging out her lessons, to Gertrude Smiles.

Rupert Swetland wills his dress suit to Donald Smith to be worn at the next formal dance.

Frank Hunsinger wills his book entitled "The Fine Art of Love-Making" to Don Arnold.

Clement Slocum wills his soulful eyes and silken tresses and his winning ways to Roscoe Austin.

Donald Rockwell wills his special corner of the studio to any other ardent admirer of art.

Mazie Nicholas wills her line of "Baby Talk" to Louise Mayor.

To Babe Johnson, Charles St. Clair wills his position as Band Leader.

Wendell Phillips and Mose Woodrow will the bench at the tennis courts to their respective "beloveds," providing no one sits with them.

The Dirty Dozen will their book on Morals, Manners and Conduct to Miss Jones' "beloved second floor cherubs."

Alys Brown wills all her yellow hair pins to Hope Smythe.

Ennie Ruddy wills the centre of the gym floor to Goldie Grice to be used strictly for dancing.

Martha McPherson wills a part of her extreme height to Kelly Dills.

All the rest and residue of our property, whatsoever and wheresoever, of what nature, kind and quality it may be and not herein disposed of, we give and bequeath to our beloved Principal, for his use and benefit absolutely.

We do hereby constitute and appoint the said Principal sole executor of this, our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, we, the Class of 1917, have to this, our will, written on one sheet of parchment, set our hands and seal this twenty-seventh day of June, one thousand nine hundred and seventeen.

CLASS OF 1917.

#### Maybe He Was Loaded.

John—That porter of ours certainly reminded me of a gun.

James—How so?

John—He kicked so when he was fired.—Awgawwan.

#### We, Too, Have Suffered.

Hiscox—What does your room mate take at ten o'clock?

Cresswell—My snuff, tennis shoes, balls and racquet.

#### Huh!

Coach Kichline—My alarm clock is all run down.

Francis—How's that?

Coach K.—Leads a fast life, I guess.

## ALUMNI NOTES

'13—Noble John Mason is a member of the Alumni who has deserted bachelor ranks, a "maid from Montana," Edna Olendor, being the sole cause of said desertion.

'16—Grace Predmore visited M. S. N. S. for a few days last month.

'15—The Normal was greatly saddened this spring by the death of Hazel Smettem.

'14—Gertrude Allen, who graduated from Emerson this spring, is directing the Commencement play.

'16—Ruth Hall visited Normal friends last month.

'79—Cassius Gillette, a graduate of West Point, and prominent in political affairs of the country, died suddenly this spring.

'16—Kimble Marvin, last year's basket-ball captain, has enlisted in the Engineering Corps of U. S.

'16—Elizabeth Llewellyn was a Mansfield visitor this month.

'14—Selena Shaver taught last year in Sayre.

'16—Paul McKane has enlisted in the U. S. army. He held principalship of the high school in Dimnock during the last year.

'15—Clarence Mott and his wife, whom we knew as Hazel Griffiths, are now residing in Elmira, N. Y.

'16—Homer Steitler was principal of the Laquin schools last year. He recently visited the Normal.

'16—Philip Guiles, a Mansfield Alumnus, and now a student at Dickinson, was here for a short time recently.

'16—Melissa Snyder held the position of vice-principal in the Clark Summit high school during the last year.

'12—Edward V. Loftus held the position of principal at Jessup high school last year.

'12—Esther Feeney taught during the last school year in Mayfield, Pa.

'11—James Gallagher has a good position in the Peckville Bank, Peckville, Pa.

'11—Joe O'Connor is vice-principal of the Olyphant high school.

'07—Lena Elsby has a teaching position in the graded schools of Scranton.

'16—Agnes Adams has been renewing Normal memories by a short visit here.

'12—On June 20, Isadore Montgomery and Harold Gustin, of Troy, Pa., were married at the bride's home, East Canton, Bradford county. They will reside in Troy.

'11—Miss Laura Drake taught in Liberty, Potter county, during the last school year.

'00—Superintendent Russell, of Bradford county, gave a series of interesting talks here on school problems.

'16—Harold Adams visited M. S. N. S. a short time ago.

'16—Reed Wilcox spent a few days among Normal School scenes recently.

'15—Ruth Frisbee taught in the graded schools of Sayre during the last year.

'13—Clara Bull and Adelbert Mann were recently married. They are now living in Sayre.

'13—Agnes Rogers was called home from Montana by the death of her sister, Helen.



# Class Poem

By Miss Olmsted



MISS ELIZABETH OLMSTED

Class Poetess

Miss Olmsted "did her bit" along the poetical line and gave a poem that will long be remembered by those who heard it. The way in which the poem was recited is also deserving of worthy mention.

Out across the span of years  
In the days now lived and past,  
Some one dreamed a dream of beauty,  
Dream of work and service vast;  
And, as from the first faint tintings  
Of morning's glorious dawn,  
Comes the full and perfect splendor  
Of the great, eternal sun;  
So, from out this far beginning  
Step, by step, from then till now,  
Alma Mater has arisen  
And in reverence now we bow.

Since that time these halls have sheltered  
Band on band of students glad,  
Gathered from the winds of heaven,  
Scattered now thru'out the land;  
And, in turn, we too have finished,  
Finished days of work and joy,  
And we too must face the parting  
From friendships true without alloy.  
Hearts filled now to overflowing  
With a pure and honest love,

Now invoke on thee a blessing  
From the One who reigns above.

Soon we'll leave for aye these places,  
All these sights and scenes so dear;  
Ours no more its work and pleasure  
Ours no more its life and cheer.  
But tho' gone, departed, scattered  
To the north, south, east or west,  
Yet she'll never be forgotten,  
She of all the schools the best;  
And we'll e'er remember fondly  
Days beneath the Red and Black,  
E'er remember Alma Mater,  
Often wish that we were back.

Thanks we tender all who've helped us,  
Patient been with slip and fall,  
Giving helping hands to guide us,  
Speaking words of cheer to all.  
Yet, tho' small the service rendered,  
'Twas a bright spot in our path;  
And the giver'll be remembered  
When the deed long since is past.  
Oh, it is with hearts of sadness  
That we now must leave it all,  
Leave these days of happy friendship  
Found in Alma Mater's hall.

And, when soon we face new duties  
Matter not where it may be,  
At the front, on farm, in schoolroom,  
Where'er duty we may see.  
Yet, we will with noble purpose  
Give our hearts, our hands, our all;  
That the world may be made better  
By our task tho' great or small;  
And whate'er success may follow,  
All, 'twill all be due to thee;  
Long may thus thy name be honored,  
Alma Mater, hail to thee!

## Of Course.

"What is it, do you suppose, that keeps the moon from falling?" asked Georgine.  
"I think it must be the beams," replied George softly.—Bu r.

## A Modest Requirement.

Gerald—May I kiss you?  
Geraldine— — — — — Not much!!  
Gerald—Well, I only wanted one or two.—Awga-  
wan.

## A Good Sign.

Sponge—I think that a street car hash just passed.  
Blotter—How yuh know?  
Sponge—I can shee its tracks—Chaparral.



# Normal Spotlight

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B. B. Powell.....Editor  
Donald B. Rockwell.....Associate Editor  
Myron B. Deily.....Associate Editor  
Harold G. Strait.....Business Manager  
Harry A. Taylor.....Assistant Business Manager  
Prof. F. E. Rupert.....Faculty Adviser

## Contributing Editors

Marjorie Reed, '17; Rex Dimmick, '17; Maurice Woodrow, '17 and Elaine Manley '18.

Owing to the great pressure of work and the demands on his time incidental to State Board examinations and the close proximity of Commencement, the editor of the Spotlight has been unable to develop any ideas for the editorial page. Therefore, he asked the editor of the Spotlight's "esteemed contemporary," the Mansfield Advertiser, to do what he could toward filling up this page. This aforesaid editor has had about all he could do for the past few weeks with his own work and the work of the Red Cross added to it, so that as far as time for developing ideas for editorials is concerned, his idea factory is in a state of innuocuous desuetude.

In order to inspire or restore confidence in your minds of our ability or aptitude for this task, we will state here that back in our own school days we, (meaning me), were one of the editors of the Delphic Oracle, a periodical published spasmodically. That sounds paradoxical, but it was truly a school paper that was published whenever the editors found the proper combination of ideas and time. It was not printed, as the Spotlight, but was laboriously written out in long hand on some big sheets of print paper and bound by pins into the form of a magazine about twice the size of the Spotlight and numbering about eight to sixteen pages. Needless to say, there was only one copy published, and as the Oracle was circulated only behind the closed doors of a fraternity there was no faculty censor, although there were things that did need censoring.

We remember one parody on "Clementine" in which one of our severe teachers was the subject. There were two verses, as follows, that will describe our troubles, and incidentally hers:

"Boys, to you who have not met her,  
Remember this advice so kind,  
When she smiles at you so sweetly  
You will suffer every time.

Oh, the feeling that comes o'er you  
I can best describe by mine,  
For it fairly made me shiver  
When she marked me nine less nine."

But enough of the Oracle. We have told you enough so you will understand that we, too, have trod those same halls; that we, too, were one of the ones who have worn the steps in South Hall almost through; that we, too, have flunked and bluffed and passed almost the same subjects that you have; that we, too, have tasted the delights of having whatever we wrote published; that we, too, have read aloud to our admiring and suffering friends our literary "effusions" amid their groans and shouts of laughter.

But in introducing ourselves we have used up most of this page and we will have to hurry right into the thing we wanted to say in the first place. We are proud of the Spotlight. We have enjoyed it immensely. The matter published has, for the most part, been very readable and entertaining. Some of your contributors show real genius. Elaine Manley has a charming gift of parody and rhyme and we are glad that she is left to the 1918 Spotlight. We are sorry to see the others leaving, especially so many of them. We do doubt if you can get as good a combination of editors for the Spotlight another year. It seems to us that people who could make the Spotlight what it has been this year could be gathered together only once in a while. We hope that some new geniuses will show up with the new crop next Fall. In the meantime we shall rest secure in the hope that Elaine Manley will be here next year and will have one or two contributions in each issue. She would make a good editor-in-chief if she were not so much more valuable as a contributing editor.

We bid you adieu and say that we have enjoyed you. The rhyme in that last sentence was entirely unconscious, but it goes to show that we, too, have a lilting mind and could, in spite of our age, edit a school paper.

Again we bid you a fond farewell so that we can again say that we have enjoyed you.

P. S.—As Editor Powell has read the proof on the above and we still have room for a few more lines on this page, we will say a few words about him as an editor. The students may not appreciate the fact, but Mr. Powell has been a mighty good editor of the Spotlight. Besides being an indefatigable worker, he has a good sense of literary discrimination. His selections of the manuscripts to be published in the Spotlight have been in the main good. He has kept in mind the editor's problem of not hurting the feelings of contributors by rejecting their manuscripts when they have shown promise, and he has published no very poor contributions. The Spotlight will suffer a loss with his graduation.

Editor Powell has had valuable assistance from D. B. Rockwell, Myron B. Deily, Marjorie Reed, Rex Dimmick, Maurice Woodrow and Elaine Manley.

The work of the business manager, Harold G. Strait, and his assistant, Harry A. Taylor, also deserves especial commendation. Theirs has been a hard task, but they have succeeded.



# Class Prophecy

By Miss Evans



MISS MARGARET EVANS  
Class Prophetess

"If thou art a prophet, prophesy—" says the scripture, but the Senior class in instructing Miss Evans had to change one word and make it—"If thou art a PROPHETESS, prophesy." Miss Evans obeyed the command of her electors and gave them a prophecy well worth hearing or reading.

When the position of Class Prophetess was assigned me; the trepidity and nervousness which usually accompanies the assignment of such a task, followed. But then, I had often heard how fairies, ghosts and witches aided people in similar predicaments. Therefore, I watched, waited, hoped for and expected assistance. Perhaps a kind fairy would reveal the desired information to me in my dreams, was a thought which continually haunted my waking hours. However, the days and weeks passed swiftly by; the time for delivering the prophecy was fast approaching, the kind fairy seemed to have forsaken me and ghosts and witches failed to appear. The great problem was, what is the best thing to be done; but to this no solution came during the rapidly passing days.

Indeed, the days were now very few. Class Day was drawing nearer and nearer. It was three days before the appointed time, and, as yet, no prophecy had arrived. Now it was two days, and still no prophecy.

My worst anxieties and fears seemed about to be realized, and when the first rosy beam of THIS MORNING'S DAWN crept over the eastern hills, bringing with it no prophecy, my consternation was, you may be sure, very great; but now my consternation is even greater, for, as yet, there is NO PROPHECY.

Although I am without a prophecy, help may come, but what! Oh, what shall I do? Prophecy? I cannot.

\* \* \* \* \*

(Enter boy with a letter.)

Boy:—Miss Evans, one evening I was down by the banks of the Tioga and suddenly a strange person appeared and asked me to hand you this letter. I forgot about it until now.

(Prophetess opens letter and reads.)

Land of Shadows, Mansfield, Pa., May 25, 1917.

My dear Miss Evans:

On the morning of June 26, 1917, the spirit of the classes of 1867, '87, 1907, will present you with the prophecy.

It is not customary for these spirits to visit the Normal in daylight; however, in this case an exception has been made.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is not the prophecy, but the spirits of three former classes will be here this morning, let us await their coming.

\* \* \* \* \*

(Enter spirits of Classes of 1867, '87, '07, grotesquely dressed. They hand the prophecy to the prophetess and silently pass off the stage.)

\* \* \* \* \*

The prophecy has, after many hopes and fears, actually come into my possession. Listen, Classmates, while some of the leading epochs of your lives are set forth.

It is the earnest desire of the Fates that the members of the Class of 1917 of Mansfield State Normal should never swerve from the path of duty, further than this the prophecy deviates from the law of truth.

The first person whose fate I see written here is that of our president, Reese Matteson: "He will, IN TIME, become governor of the state of Pennsylvania, and be assisted in his weighty reflections by the "two soulful eyes of his lovely Marjorie." Oh, such a fortune! I wonder what the rest of us will do?

Just listen to this about the other class officers: "Donald Rockwell will be a second McCormick; Mary Anderson, a member of the U. S. Supreme Court; Helen Redcay, a comforting comfort to a University graduate."

"Babe' Vedder, captain of the 1917 football team, will, soon after his graduation, purchase a new run-about—not a Henry Ford, but an Ax Ford (Axford)." So the old song, "There's a little spark of love still burning," applies to Mr. Vedder.

"Mose' Woodrow, captain of the 1917 basket ball



team, is to be a poet. He will write a poem entitled 'Edna and Me,' which will bring him a fortune."

"Forty years hence there will be a rich woman, riding in her aeroplane, wearing her diamonds, and counting her money—Miss Jane White."

In this prophecy we are told that Rex Dimmick will be—not a famous scientist, but general baggage master for the ADAMS EXPRESS Company. I wonder what'll Bill think then of his "Socrates Method."

"Enie, menie, mine, mo,  
Will catch poor 'Irvy' by the toe,  
But he'll holler, so she'll let him go.  
'Enie, menie, mine, mo."

"Two years from to-day we find, 'Millie' Ward a fair bride crying over the loss of her pet poodle; B. B. Powell, editor-in-chief of the "New York Journal;" Marion Caswell expounding on "How to Manage a Husband;" Esther Swartwood lecturing on a strong subject, 'My Independence of Man;' 'Tim' Coates a movie actress; Marion Fice and Myrl Sharpe, starting on their wedding tour; Ruth Foster, a famous Red Cross nurse; and Carl Roos delivering an address on 'Search for the Spoons.'" Well, strange things have happened, but it does seem as though stranger things are about to happen.

"Elizabeth Olmsted is about to train a female chorus for the sole purpose of singing over the transoms of various educational institutions, during the peaceful hours of Sunday evening."

"Five years from today, Miss Mazie Nicholas will be strolling down a country lane and accidentally find her friend, formerly Miss Helen Scanlon, now a happy and contented farmer's wife, helping her husband load a wagon with potatoes for the market."—Oh!!!

"Six years from to-day, Gordon Bailey, the fond admirer of all girls, will contemplate ways of freeing himself from domestic difficulties."—Poor Gordon!

"Pauline Hech will, some fine day, be travelling in the Adirondacks; she will fall into a VERY SHALLOW stream; a millionaire, in the form of Olin Decker, will rescue her and wed her."—How romantic!

"Rupert Swetland will teach folk-dancing, assisted by Lucy Lowe."

"Jean Pfahler will be gray haired, discontented and disappointed in love."

"Helen Gotschall is to be dean of Vassar and Inez Percy, her chief assistant. At the same time Warren Briggs will be speaker of the house."

"Red' Clifford and Paul Allison are to be the leading comedians in the Barnum & Bailey Circus."

"Evangeline Loomis, Francis von Wolffradt and Beatrice Homnet will found a school for those students who grow tired of going to classes, because they prefer sleeping through the dull afternoon periods."

"Each member of the Senior Grammar Class will rise to a position of renown, due to his oratorical ability in delivering patriotic addresses."

"Every member of the Class of 1917 will go out into the world, cope successfully with the difficulties and be a credit to his Alma Mater."

"Many other important events will take place in the lives of your classmates, but they cannot all be revealed at this time."

"I bid you adieu,"

## "To Hell With the Kaiser!" "No," Says a Virgil Student

(Editors Note—A member of the faculty made a mild sensation in chapel a few weeks ago when he declared that it would probably not be considered "out of place" for him to say "to hell with the Kaiser." This statement by the wise professor was taken as the subject for a Virgil class theme by Daniel Farr. The theme follows:)

The president of the United States had set aside a day on which the young men of America should be enrolled for the service of their country. It is not strange that this day should be one of great excitement. The day on which ten millions of American youths came forth and offered their lives for the life of their nation was naturally full of patriotic outbursts.

The morning of June 4th broke clear and calm. The sun shone warm and bright. It seemed as if providence had provided a day of days for this great event.

At 9 a. m. of this day, I was seated in the spacious auditorium of a large university in Southern California. On all sides of me sat students and men of learning, from all parts of the world. On the platform sat the masters. This august body impressed me by their looks of wisdom and intelligence. Some were in the twilight of life. Some showed, by their partially bared heads and thick spectacles, that they had reached life's noonday. While others, by the sparkle of their eyes and frivolous actions, gave the impression that their boyhood days were not yet spent.

After the orchestra had finished playing the national anthems, the wise and learned doctors gave various patriotic talks. The audience, being made up of men of courage and high ideals, was soon held spellbound by the eloquence and stirring words of the orators. You could read on every forehead the "Spirit of '76."

In closing, the president arose and introduced the leader of the famous Symphony Orchestra. Here I received the surprise of my life. This man, whom I had just heard render music worthy of Orpheus, arose and in fiery language consigned the renowned leader of the opposing party to the lower world. The crowd went wild with applause. There was not one dissenting voice.

I was terrified. My hair stood straight and my voice clung to my jaws. What if this thing really should happen? I writhed in my seat and fain would have cried out in protest. However, the disapproving and glaring looks of those around me restrained me. With difficulty I waited until the meeting closed and the crowd had filed out.

With hurried steps and quivering lips, I approached this long-haired genius and addressed him thus: "My dear friend, you have made a very grave mistake. I am a Virgil student. My classmates and I have visited those regions daily for a whole year. I am positive that they will agree with me when I say that it is no place for this man, Wilhelm. Just stop and consider for a moment what would happen if this fatal step which you have proposed were carried out."

"In the first place Bethmann and Hiney are too

(Continued on page 10)



# Mantle Oration

By Mr. Farr



**DANIEL FARR, SENIOR**  
Mantle Orator

Mr. Farr made an excellent impression as an orator. In fact, the common opinion is that his speech was the best of its kind to be delivered here in recent years.

This day marks a crowning event in the lives of every member of our class. We have encountered many difficulties, and the outlook upon life, at times, has been far from favorable. But, urged on by a deep sense of duty, obstacles great and numerous have been met and surmounted by us. Today we stand at the very goal of our ambition—"the graduating class of 1917."

One year ago when we received the mantle from our worthy predecessors, our lot was cast in a new world; a world teeming with splendor and beauty, knowledge and truth. This land may justly be termed a paradise. Its fertile meadows and sunny hillsides blossomed with flowers of every hue, which raised their beautiful heads in our path, that they might be plucked by us. Every branch in its orchards was born down with luscious fruit, which invited us to come and partake of the best. While at every turn of the road stood one of our faculty, who guided our footsteps and pointed out the things which were most beautiful and useful for us.

Now we have journeyed for a year through this land of enlightenment. We have come to the border

of this realm. A narrow stream separates it from the land we are next to occupy. Today we are encamped on the bank of that stream. We look back and see all that we must leave behind. We gaze across the stream and see the new world in which we are soon to take up our abode.

We have been thoroughly examined and found worthy of this new land. As soon as we are presented with our paper barks we will sail across and pitch our camp on the opposite shore.

While we are waiting for our diplomas, which will confer upon us membership in the world of life, we survey the sweeping plains and rugged hillsides across the stream.

At a glance, the fact is revealed to us, how vastly different is this world from the one in which we live. The meadows are choked with weeds and rank growth of vegetation. Flowers will bloom only as we root out the weeds and cultivate the true, the good and the beautiful with our own loving care. Fruit will be borne only as we dig up the earth, plant the tree and guard it against all harmful and vicious elements. There are no sentinels at the crossroads. This office will be ours. We must be the leaders and not the led.

Every great change in the life of an individual is naturally accompanied by its sorrows. We, too, are sorry. We are sorry to leave our old home, where many battles have been fought and won, where character has been formed and friendships made. Yet we have reason to rejoice that our places are to be filled by a jealous and responsible class, who will carry forward the standards of Mansfield State Normal in a manner worthy of her dignity.

In closing our account we find one duty which we owe to you, the Junior Class; that is to bestow upon you the Mantle of Seniorhood. This will clothe you with the rank and insignia of your new station.

You are about to have a great honor bestowed upon you. You are about to enter the ranks of the privileged few. With these privileges and distinctions, you must also accept the duties that accompany them. As Washington said to our forefathers, after the dark clouds of the revolution had cleared away: "You have gained the freedom for which you have so valiantly struggled, now you must take upon yourselves the duties and responsibilities of freedom."

Your task will be harder than was ours. We began our work in a neutral country, separated from the great strife and carnage by the vast waters of the Atlantic. You will set out upon your new tasks in a country actually at war. Many of your brothers, the alumnae, and those who are near and dear to you, will be engaged in the gigantic struggle for justice and democracy.

All these things will have a tendency to distract your thoughts from the pursuit of knowledge. It behooves you then to put forth a more determined effort. In order that you, having viewed the horrors at close range and having consoled yourselves by the



words of the patriotic heart. "That no man's blood is too good to be spilled when his nation's life is in danger, and that that flag shall never, nay never, go down in disgrace," will be better prepared to teach the rising generations the true principles of democracy, and that your life work will go a long way toward establishing a permanent peace among men.

Class of 1918, it is our duty and, indeed, our pleasure to bestow upon you this mantle of red and black. May you persevere in the qualities for which it stands; loyalty and service. Loyalty and service to your God, your flag and your Alma Mater.

### "TO HELL WITH THE KAISER?"

"NO," SAYS A VIRGIL STUDENT  
(Continued from page 8)

busy at present to stop for such a trifling thing as the burial of a Kaiser. As a result he would be rejected at the river Styx, and compelled to wander about its banks for a hundred years. Imagine that man wandering idly about for a hundred years. No! That is not the nature of the beast.

"During that time he would fill the river Stix with deadly submersibles. He would transform Charon into a new man. He would replace his squalid whiskers with entanglements of barbed wire. He would attire him in a cloak and helmet of steel. He would teach him to spit bombs and torpedoes (instead of the fragrant juice of the Virginia leaf). He would make him commander-in-chief of the most invincible undersea fleet that the world has ever dreamed of.

"His days of waiting being over, he would make a record trip across the river. He would feed the three jawed Cerberus some of his new explosives which would make him a ferocious monster, which would roam the earth and make life miserable for all the inhabitants.

"He would then call a meeting of the fallen ones, With his wonderful knowledge of human nature, he would win all to his cause.

"You, who are hated by your brothers, don't be foolish! That's nothing, I am hated by every man, woman and child in the upper world.

"And if you don't, fellows, who deceived your promises to your leaders, think you have done anything great you are mistaken. These are nothing but scraps of paper. I have torn them up by the armful.

"To those of you who have tried to imitate the gods, I would say that it is a pretty hard task. But I have succeeded pretty well.

"To those who tried to gain wealth by unfair means. Why I tried to gain the whole world with my diplomacy and my war machine. Look at me now. I am the most talked of man in the whole world.

"Last, to those who are fortunate enough to hold the Elysian Fields. You think you have a fine country. But that cannot compare with the Vaterland when we have cleaned it of the illiterate hordes of Americans, French and English, with their nonsensical ideas of democracy.

"These words would have the same effect upon the innumerable millions as yours did upon your audience. In six weeks the most efficient army would be in the field with old Bill, himself, at their head.

Pluto would be given second command. The triumvirate would be complete. When everything should be arranged, that man of genius would turn the never returning wave backward. Every port from Nova Scotia to Alaska would be mined and mined. Charon would then display his strategy, by capturing all who might escape the net.

"While the other two would plant their guns on the roof of the Woolworth building. In three days the Golden Gate would be gold dust floating on the peaceful waves of the Pacific.

"My friend, you are wrong. We do not want this man down there."

The man stood erect and thought for a long time. At length he spoke:

"I believe you are right. We will not send him down to the lower world. We will leave him where he is. But we will make him acquainted with the life of those regions right here on earth."

### FAREWELL.

Tonight I sit and ponder  
On the wondrous flight of time;  
And my spirit forth doth wander  
As it climbs to heights sublime.

With a touch of fairy fingers  
I build a "Castle in Spain."  
And while the magic lingers  
I live o'er my school days again.

Ah, comrades! the time is fleeting.  
Like the weaver's shuttle, they say;  
Our September's cordial greeting  
Seems but as yesterday.

When in the future turning  
We look back o'er the span of years,  
For those dear, dead days, a yearning  
Will come thru a mist of tears.

But our feelings are not all lonely,  
For each in our memory shall dwell;  
And we know that it is only,  
Not a last, but a fond farewell.  
—John V. Hannon.

### Fourth Speed.

Vivienne—Bill and Helen are fast friends, aren't they?

Albert—Yes, he is one of her fastest.—Widow.

### An Easy Way.

Father—Can't you overcome your thirst for liquor?

Son—If I get enough.—Widow.

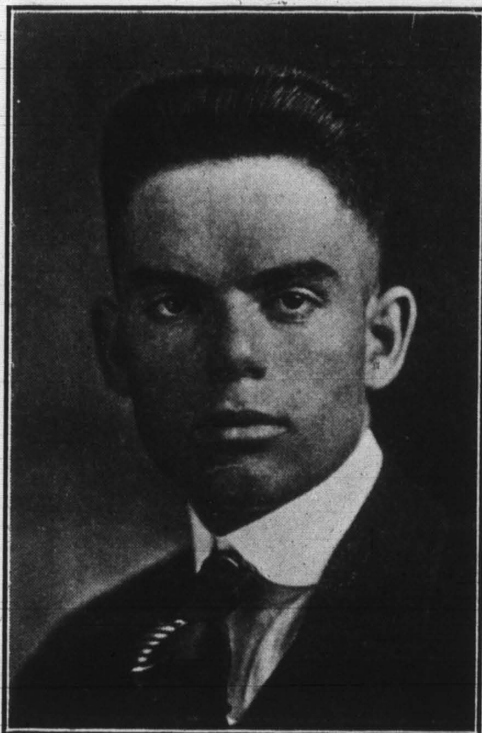
Lawyer—Judge, I plead for the dismissal of the defendant. He's deaf.

Judge—Not granted. He'll have his hearing in the morning.—Chaparral.



# Junior Mantle Oration

By Mr. McInroy



**HARRY McINROY, JUNIOR**  
Mantle Orator.

Mr. McInroy first became known as an orator when he gave "The Drunkard's Plea" in chapel several months ago. His excellent rendition of the selection earned for him an enviable reputation and pointed out to the members of the junior class that he was the proper man for the position of Junior mantle orator.

There are many milestones along life's pathway which the successful ones must pass before they can ever hope to attain their goal in life. Today, we Juniors, as well as you Seniors, are passing a milestone; one that means much to all of us and one we shall never forget.

For years we have been preparing to take the step we are taking now—that is of becoming Seniors at old Mansfield Normal. With all our hours and days and years of hard work we still feel scarcely equal to the task before us.

Nearly every joy seems to have its touch of sorrow, if one looks deep enough. We are glad to take your places, yet we are sorry to see your friendly faces leave us.

You have been our nearest friends and advisors since the day we entered this school. Previous training and experience here had acquainted you with many of the problems to be met and solved. How generously and how considerately you passed this knowledge along to us! We shall never forget the little kindnesses

shown and to show our appreciation best we will try to give our aid to those who might need it as we did yours.

For the past two years practically the whole world has been at war. Now the United States is trying to do her share in the world's work. Our school, as well as other schools, is doing its bit. The war has interfered somewhat and will interfere with our work. Some of us are needed at the front to fight for freedom and democracy. May we be guided in the right direction and never falter until we have achieved our purpose. Let us not lose courage, but strive with all our might and remember that all is for the best.

These unstained folds of red and black are symbols of truth, of loyalty, of service, and of sacrifice; it is truly an honor to be able to stand under and claim these colors as our own. Now we are beginning to realize why they are so beloved by all the sons and daughters of Mansfield Normal.

We, the class of 1918, take this mantle and make the pledge to guard and keep it safe so far as lies in our power. We feel the responsibility, knowing it is no easy task, but we will seek to pass it over to the class of 1919 as you have to us. May success crown your every effort. We sorrowfully bid you farewell and Godspeed to your ideals. You are now called to a higher duty—to fulfill your mission in the world.

## Not Biting Today.

The Vampire—Do you ever need sympathy? Don't you ever feel a longing for tenderness?"

The Victim—Uh-huh. When I order a steak.—Orange Peel.

## The Hardest Sort.

"What's your idea of hard luck?"

"To take a girl out automobiling and not have any engine trouble."—Froth.

Dear Miss Fairfacts—What is Gordon Bailey's favorite Bible story?

Interested Reader

My dear "Reader"—The one about Ruth.

Dear Miss Fairfacts—Why does Harry Walton go in so much?

Anxious.

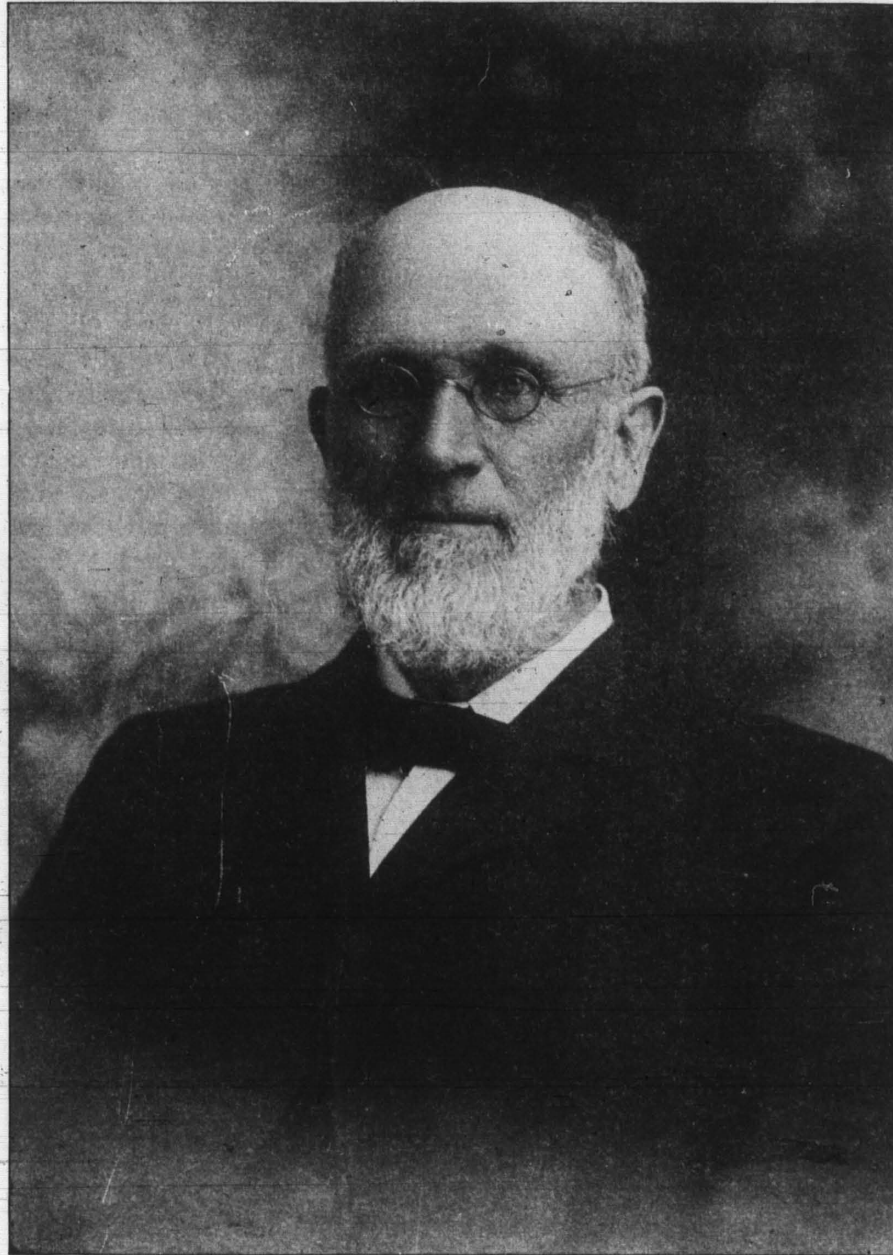
Dear "Anxious"—Because he likes Grinnell.

Dear Miss Fairfacts—I like school life very much but still do not think I will like teaching. What shall I do?

Freda Homet.

Dear Freda—Marry a Dean.





HON. SIMON B. ELLIOTT.

Hon Simon B. Elliott died at his home in Reynoldsville, Pa., Sunday, June 17, 1917.

Hon. Simon B. Elliott lived to see his master effort, the establishment of the Mansfield State Normal School, grow in might and usefulness and its educational advantages enjoyed by young men and women from all over the state. The establishment of Mansfield State Normal is due to Mr. Elliott's untiring and persistent efforts, and the following excerpt is taken from his address made here five years ago this Commencement, when the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of this Normal was celebrated:

"It was my great pleasure as then State Trustee to pronounce, more than thirty years ago, the dedication of the North Hall, and these are the words that I then uttered:

"To the end that intelligence and education shall be universal; that the rich and the poor; the child of him who has power and place, and of him who treads the lowly paths of life, shall receive alike the blessings of education, the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and the people of this community have built and now dedicate this building to the uses of education and to moral and religious instruction, and invite equally and alike, without distinction of sex, or color, or race, or creed, or party, the children of all who may desire to participate of the opportunities which shall be here offered," and now, after a lapse of nearly a third of a century, I do not see how I can add to its comprehensiveness, and I certainly do not desire to drop a single thought from it. I believe it expresses the purposes of its founders and the policy of the State."



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Thanking you again and wishing you all a pleasant vacation, we beg to remain,

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# Mansfield State Normal School

MANSFIELD, PENN'A

**P**ERSONS interested in securing an education will want to see the Mansfield Book, which will come from the press in March. It will be illustrated, and will give full particulars of all activities at Mansfield. This is separate from the catalog which will be ready for distribution the end of February.

Mansfield, the third oldest Normal school, has an alumni list of 3500 graduates, the second largest of Pennsylvania Normal schools. Some of you will soon be numbered among her graduates, as so many others have been. Show your active interest and loyalty by sending us the names, with addresses, of young men and women who are desirable students. The success of this school, in fact of all schools, depends upon the success and character of its students and graduates.

**WILLIAM R. STRAUGHN, Ph.D., Principal**